Good news!—The dawning of hope for Althea!

STAY TRUE MY LOVE

By Barbara Hedworth

YESTERDAY'S CHAPTERS.

Pat, torn by his love for Stella, knows that he must stick to Althea. At "Little Acres" Stella looks forward to Pat's visit, and when he comes is startled when he suggests that she should give up her job with the Carruthers.

HAD Pat ulterior motives of his own in urging her to leave the Carruthers, Stella wondered. Has he decided he can't go on and wants me out of the way before he breaks it to Althea he doesn't want to marry her? she speculated.

Yet she was asking herself irritably, why she always have to delve for ulterior motives and reasons for everything Pat said or did? It was the very way he behaved towards her, that decided that recently there was a new unalloyed quality about him. He was no longer the straightforward, cheerful man she had fallen so deeply in love over a year ago. Yet she admitted that in recent months her love was strengthened with a respect of which she had been quite unaware, even if it existed.

She had been confronted with as tough an ordeal as any man could have. And he hadn't faltered, at least not yet. He was learning he could take punishment. In a high degree the courage he was showing now was a finer quality than that which had won him his D.S.O. at Alamein.

Oh, darling, darling, her heart breathed the only prayer. Stay true to Althea, which is really staying true to yourself, she added.

She was conscious now of a great weariness of spirit, and, deciding Althea couldn't possibly want her for anything so soon after her arrival, picked up her letter to Bill Carruthers, and set off to walk to the village to post it.

It was a grey morning with thick clouds hanging low over the landscape. The leaves of the trees were starting to blaze their last lot, saddening colours of autumn and she felt chill and dank. Nevertheless, it was good to be alone, outside the boundaries of the Carruthers' house, beyond earshot of the Carruthers' bell with no fear of Nurse Dodge appearing on the scene with the inevitable request, "Miss Carruthers wants to speak to you, Stella."

Man From Her Past

"LITTLE ACRES" wasn't on a main road, but at the top of a narrow winding lane, where little traffic passed except for the odd farmer's cart, and when Stella saw a small, rather shabby car slowly coming towards her, she thought it must be some motorist who had taken a wrong turn and she could discern the blunt, clean-shaven, and she could discern the blunt, clean-shaven, and she could discern the blunt, clean-shaven features of the man at the wheel, she thought with a sudden sinking of the heart, that it was some man who was seeking information. But as it came closer, and she could discern the blunt, clean-shaven features of the man at the wheel, she

"Hi, Charles——" she called delightedly.

The car came to a standstill beside her and the driver alighted. He was of medium height, stockily built, and was dressed in brown corduroy trousers and a tweed sports coat.

"I thought it was you, Stella," he said. His voice was soft-toned, with a pleasant creamy quality. "Though I couldn't imagine what you could be doing in this part of the world. It's very good to see you, my sweet."

"Very good to see you, too," she countered sincerely. "For that matter, what are you doing in this secluded part of Berkshire? I thought you were all set to go back to the hospital in London once they let you out of the Army."

"I still work there a couple of days a week, but my uncle has persuaded me to go into partnership with him in Kindshead. I've just been visiting a patient of his as a matter of fact, a dear old duck who has moved away from the neighbourhood, but still insists on being attended to by a Patten." He gave his rich chuckle and opened the door of the car. "Hop in and let me drive you wherever you are going. Are you by any chance free for lunch if we can find some somewhere?"

Stella said she couldn't lunch, but there was a hotel in the village where she had heard they served excellent coffee.

"That's fine," Charles said cheerily. "We'll go and try it."

He settled himself in the seat beside her, then reminded her:

"You still haven't told me what you are doing down here. It must be nearly two years since I last saw you."

It had been soon after Pat was posted away from the battery and she was still believing blithely a letter would arrive any day. Charles's regiment had been stationed within a few miles of her own H.Q. and the C.O. had sent over an invitation for herself and her girls. She had met Charles Patten, their medical officer, several times previously, and had heard reports of his brilliance as a doctor. He was about thirty at the time and had the reputation of being much too engrossed in his work to have time for girls. After the dance, the others had ragged her because he had actually been seen on the floor several times with her. He had told her then he was hoping to get posted overseas any day and they hadn't met again.

In fact, until her attention had been drawn to his car slowing down in the lane, she had forgotten his existence. Now, however, she was inordinately pleased about the encounter.

But There's A Snag

IT took only a matter of a few minutes by car to reach the hotel, but Charles was still a stranger to the district and she was so busy giving him instructions she didn't realise she hadn't replied to his question until they were sitting in the hotel.

"You still haven't told me what you are up to—or," his light-brown eyes twinkled, "is that an indiscreet question?"

"Not a bit," she retorted in laughing indignation. "I have a perfectly respectable job—as secretary to a Mrs Carruthers." She proceeded to outline the background of the family, but when she came to the part about Althea's accident, she saw his eyes turn alert like those of a terrier.

"You wouldn't know exactly what Houghton had to say about the case?" he questioned in a tense, excited tone.

"I'm afraid not. Only that, as she wasn't responding to those treatments it wasn't any use going on. Now she is in the hands of another man, Sir Peter Reefe. But I don't think he holds out much hope either of her condition improving, though he hasn't actually said so in so many words. It's awful, isn't it, Charles?" Stella went on. "She is only twenty-two—and she was such a gay restless creature——"

He looked at her, his eyes still eager.

"It's the strangest coincidence, me bumping into you like this. You see, Stella, I think I might be able to do something for this girl. I had what might be an identical case in Normandy. The chap got smashed up in his jeep. It was thought that the nerve centre in the spine was destroyed. Now he is walking as well as you or I——"

"Charles—no," Stella breathed. Her blue eyes were dilated with excitement, with a rush of excitement. "Oh, if that could happen to Althea. If only you would examine her," she pleaded wistfully.

"Her parents are probably fully satisfied with her present doctor," Charles pointed out soberly. "Then, Stella, dear, even if they and Sir Peter Reefe did consent to let me see her, they mightn't consent to the operation——"

"Oh but they would. They'd give their eyes to have Althea cured," Stella interrupted fervently.

Charles's expression was grim.

"Would they go so far as to risk her life?"

Stella felt the colour rushing out of her cheeks.

"That would be the alternative?"

"If the case is the same as the chap I had in France, yes."

She sipped her coffee in silence, her mind full of unspoken questions. Would the Carruthers be prepared to take that great risk?

And what would Pat have to say about it? What of Althea herself?

Was here the kind of mental stamina which could face death if it carried the alternative hope of complete recovery?

Charles brought her out of her reverie, giving her an unconsciously distorted sense of comfort.

"Don't look so worried, my child. I don't expect for one moment the two cases are parallel. In fact, I'm not sure, if I were you, that I'd even mention this little talk of ours to these people."

But there was still that queer gleam to his eyes and she guessed how the doctor in him longed for the chance to heal. Aloud she agreed, however, with obvious relief.

"No, I don't suppose Althea's injuries are the same. Maybe you are right, too, Charles. I shouldn't say anything to her parents—or to her fiance. Tell me more about this partnership with your uncle."

They exchanged reminiscences, until it was time for her to be getting back to "Little Acres." Charles wanted to run her back to the house, but she chose to walk, saying she needed the exercise.

Neither had mentioned Althea again, but as they were about to part outside the hotel, she felt impelled to ask:—

"Where could I get in touch with you, Charles—supposing I do tell the Carruthers about you and they want you to look at Althea?"

He gave her the address and telephone number of his uncle's house, adding the two days each week he spent at the hospital in London. Then he urged with great seriousness:—

"Whatever you decide, don't raise their hopes too high. Remember, that man in France might just as easily have died as have walked again. Probably that is why neither Sir Peter nor Houghton has suggested the operation—it's so desperately risky," he concluded.

(To be continued.)

Answers To "Can You Tell?"

1—Gangs of men who smashed industrial machinery at the beginning of last century.

2—Small monkeys of Central and South America.

3—From eight to ten feet.

4—The Japanese Diet.

5—In 1911.

6—Corky in texture.

The Children's Own Corner

DEAR Girls and Boys,

Our best wishes to-day go to Margaret Goodfellow, Dundee, Mary Anderson, Midmill, and Kenneth Cullen, Perth, who are fourteen; Martha Frances Watt, David Wilson, Eileen Gardiner, Dundee, and Lindsay Burgess Kurtemeir, thirteen; David and Ronald Dailly, Dundee, twelve; Jeryl Alex. Clark, James Campbell Lindsay Myles, Piggott, Dundee, eleven; Dundee, ten; Brida Tosh, Norma Helen M'Lean, Betty Jackson and James Thomson, Dundee, eight; June Brunton, Kirkcaldy, Margaret Robertson, Broughty Ferry, Lachlan Kennedy and David Dundee, seven; Catherine Kirkcaldy, Elizabeth M'Callum Dundee, six; Violet Bain, Dundee, five.

Tomorrow our best wishes go to Agnes Jean Fraser, Mary Doyle, Rubina Alaysius Reid, Dundee, who be fourteen; Irene Young, Helen Agnes M'Cabe, Grace Sandeman and Aileen Brown, Dundee, thirteen; May Smith, Betty Ireland, Moyra George Cockburn, Dundee, and Samuel, Broughty Ferry, twelve; Hamill, Kirkcaldy, and John Muckart, Dundee, eleven; Mary Kelly and Dundee, ten; Helen Joyce Carr, Dundee, nine; Dundee, five, and Alice Hunter, two.

A happy week-end to all my readers,

Lots of Love, from

AUNT JOAN.

P.S.—Very many thanks to Catherine 15 Craighall Place, Mid Craigie, and Barbara and Patricia 27 Collingwood Street, Barnhill, for their contributions of silver

* * * *

THE LAZY GNOME

THERE was once a fat, lazy, young gnome whose name was Larry. He was the despair of his mother and the worry he caused his teachers at Gnomeville School.

He hated his lessons, and always ran home from school quickly so that his mother could ask him to help her or run errands for her.

One day his mother became ill, and the doctor told her she must remain in bed for a few days.

"Now, Larry," she said to her son, "I can't look after the house. You must keep it tidy. The furniture must be dusted every day. And be sure you do sweep the floors and the carpet. Especially the mat by the door."

Much against his will, Larry got up and, taking a duster, and merely skimmed over the work so that he could hurry out to play.

And he did not trouble to sweep under any of the mats at all, though he told his mother he lifted every one.

Each day as he—well, pretended, to get busy with broom and duster—his thoughts strayed to other things. He began to wish something nice would happen.

Larry loved parties above everything. And it seemed a long time since he had been invited to one.

For a whole week his mother was in bed, and each day Larry set a few things straight and pretended he had swept and tidied the rooms thoroughly. And each day his mother asked him if he had swept under the mats.

"Yes, mother," he said in reply.

On the day that his mother felt well enough to get up, she did not do any work, but watched Larry.

This time he had to sweep under the mats, and when he lifted the one from the front door he found beneath it a nice pink envelope.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "Someone must have pushed this under the door, and it slid right under the mat."

He saw, to his delight, that it was addressed to him. From it he took a nice pink card, on which was written:—

"The presence of Larry is requested at the birthday party of Toby Richgnome on April 2, at dusk."

"Hurrah!" whooped Larry. "To think I should get what I've longed for! An invitation to a party—and such a party, too."

"On what day did you say the party was?" asked his mother gently.

"April 2," answered Larry.

"Foolish gnome!" she replied. "The party has long been over. April 2 was five days ago."

Larry's face dropped.

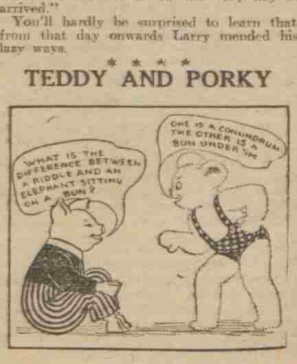
"So it was," he agreed faintly.

"Lazy gnome," went on his mother. "That just proves that you did not sweep under the mat in front of the door, or you would have found it on the very day it arrived."

You'll hardly be surprised to learn that from that day onwards Larry mended his lazy ways.

* * * *

TEDDY AND PORKY



"Now I am not afraid to eat anything"

Mrs. Sell of Archdeacon Newton, Darlington tells you: *"Once I couldn't eat anything unless I was ill. The first bottle of 'Bisurated' gave me instant relief, so I have always some by me. I am feeling perfect, and my friends remark how well I am these days."*

'BISURATED' Magnesia
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A speedy relief for Indigestion

ACROSS.
1—Shellfish (9).
4—Guardian of property (7).
8—Land measure (4).
9—Daybreak (4).
10—Butt in (7).
11—Tidy (4).
12—Fashion (4).
14—Account books (7).
17—Harden (5).
19—Pale (5).
22—Annoyed (7).
26—Kernel (4).
27—Impoverished (4).
28—Surround (7).
29—Parched (4).
30—Harvest (4).
31—Turns aside (7).
32—Sword (4).

DOWN.
2—Motive (6).
3—Flag (6).
4—Test (5).
5—Took on lease (6).
6—Small twig (5).
7—Church official (5).
12—Demeanour (4).
13—Two-part song (4).
15—Reverberation (4).
16—Of sound mind (4).
18—Send out of the country (6).
20—Abrade (6).
21—Fur (6).
23—Boredom (5).
24—Subject (5).
25—Drugs (5).

SOLUTION TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Across.—1 Gossip, 5 Label, 8 Covered, 9 Abates, 10 Vowed, 11 Steer, 12 Done, 13 Reads, 16 Priest, 18 Talent, 20 Scene, 22 Aria, 23 Oasis, 25 Basis, 26 Toucan, 27 Nerer, 28 Beats, 29 Sensed.

Down.—1 Grandees, 2 Stagnate, 3 Ices, 4 Posture, 5 Leveret, 6 Adores, 7 Emend, 14 Attracts, 15 Strained, 16 Pleases, 17 Incites, 19 Anoint, 21 Chase, 24 Sore.

Men's Grey Union Flannel SPORTS SHIRTS 13/11

MEN'S SPORTS SHIRTS in self shade of Grey Union Flannel. Well cut garments with attached collar and stiffeners. Splendid quality. Neck sizes 14 to 16½ in. 7 coupons, ... 13/11

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Johnston's Stores

There's a Branch near YOU in Dundee or District.

EVENING TELEGRAPH PHONE NUMBER IS DUNDEE 4144.

Susan
SUCH A SIGHT

Daisy
OH, SO DAPPER

SUSAN AND DAISY are newly-weds—but what's happened to Susan? She's become drab and uninteresting, while Daisy still looks like a young bride. Daisy looks cared for—because she gives her clothes a thorough weekly "do" with Thawpit, paying special attention to the back of the collar, cuffs, and waistfront—the places that become grubby first. She knows that clothes absorb dirt; thousands of tiny specks combine to produce a drab appearance.

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'DAIRY' BRAND JUNKET POWDER

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